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ABSTRACT

This narrative unit on idealism was developed as an illustration of minority group efforts to reform the social structure of American democracy, the implications being that American life was in many respects lacking. The general teaching objectives are: 1) to stimulate student consideration of what would be their ideal society; 2) to foster a feeling that human institutions can be improved and effectively changed; 3) to value individual and group efforts to improve society; 4) to appreciate a goal which holds out for something better than a life based on material things; and, 5) to understand why people drop out of society and what problems they face. The narratives are divided into two sections: the first briefly describes conditions as they existed before a response was made to the condition; the second section deals with the form which the response took. Except for a narrative on peace, all the others have historical roots in the nineteenth century and include selections on utopian socialism, penal reform, and abolitionism. The methods shown in these narrative studies should invite comparison with present idealisms, which, for the most part, are a continuation of earlier ones. The readability range in all five narratives runs from a reading grade level of seven plus to eleven plus. Discussion questions to encourage inquiry, a vocabulary list, and a test are included. (Author/SBE)

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TEACHER'S GUIDE TO ACCOMPANY

STUDIES ON IDEALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE

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Program in American History and Civilization

Division of Secondary Social Studies

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I

General Teaching Objectives

1. To stimulate student consideration of what would be their ideal society

2. To foster a feeling that human institutions can be improved and effectively changed

3. To value individual and group efforts to improve society

4. To appreciate a goal which "holds out" for something better than a life based on material things

5. To understand why people "drop out" of society and what problems they face

II

Explanatory Notes On The Narratives For Students

The narratives on idealism are developed as an illustration of minority-group efforts to reform the social structure of American democracy, the implications being that American life was in many respects lacking.

The narratives are divided into two sections. The first section briefly describes conditions as they existed before a response was made to the condition; the second section deals with the form which the response took. And in one instance, at least, the response may have been in conflict with the aims of American society.

In addition to the development of the stated objectives for the students, the methods shown in these narrative studies should invite comparison with present-day idealisms which, for the most part, are a continuation of those begun in the nineteenth century. Except for the narrative on peace, all the other narratives on idealism have historiacal roots in the nineteentn century, although active peace societies were founded in America before 1900. The historical narratives include utopian socialism, penal reform, and abolitionism.

The narratives entitled "The Utopian Response to Idealism" consist of a fictionalized description of the New York slums from Jacob Riis's How The Other Half Lives, a summary of some basic concepts of Bellamy's literary utopia, and a description of a working communal community (Oneida) as seen through the eyes of Pierrepont Noyes, who grew up there. The tenement sweatshop may well

have been what Bellamy wanted to eliminate, since his utopia was very much concerned with urban problems.

The narratives should serve to illustrate the following to the student:

1. The condition of human parasites

2. The concept of a guaranteed annual wage with useful employment (Note that Bellamy does not use the word socialism, but students may question his utopia in these terms.)

3. The tolerance of unorthodox religious views and the successful existence of a group apart from society

4. The fulfillment of the needs of a group where social institutions are missing: welfare support, employment, protection and security (or temporary escape from the real world)

Where interest in communal communities has been aroused, B. F. Skinner's Walden Two, which may be too scientifically oriented, and communal experiments carried on as a result of such guidance, may serve as an additional study. There are several contemporary communities, religious and nonreligious, which continue to function apart from society; for example, the Bruderhof community in Connecticut, the Koinonia community in Americus, Georgia, as well as numerous "hippie" communes.

The nineteenth-century communal communities were varied and numerous. The most comprehensive study of them has been written by Alice Felt Tyler in Freedom's Ferment (New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1962).

Any consideration of unique societies by students involves their own response to the reasons for "dropping out" and to the eventual hazards of separation from the mainstream of society.

The narratives dealing with "The Humanitarian Response to Idealism" two "reformed" penal systems, the treatment of the insane, and the conflicts arising from the abolitionist movement. It may appear that "solitary confinement" in the Pennsylvania system was not "reform," but the Quaker groups responsible for the reform sincerely believed at the time that this condition would benefit the prisoners. Certainly a comparison can be made with the contemporary description provided in the section. It would appear that, with penal reform, much "progress" has not been made.

For a more sentimental account of the measure of abolitionist feeling, students should read the auction of Tom in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The narratives should serve to illustrate the following to the student:

1. Reform-minded individuals are often members of a numerically small group.

2. Reform-minded individuals are often "out of tune" with the rest of society.

3. Reform-minded individuals are often disliked and are the object of violence (e.g., the shooting of Elijah Lovejoy).

The narrative called "A World Response to Idealism" an excerpt from All Quiet on the Western Front, is followed by a statement on the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact. Perhaps the need for peace as the foremost preoccupation of the twentieth century will serve to focus attention on the value of human life. The Red Badge of Courage may also be used to illustrate the devastation of war. The reasons for war as overt conflict need not be defined, although peace movements

are seen in juxtaposition with war situations. Students should realize that our experience shows that we never prepare for victory soon enough, nor conceive a final peace clearly.

There is little need to reinforce the time sequence presented in the narratives. Where traditional periods of history need to be reviewed, however, the reform movements and the initial rash of communal communities should be developed as an outgrowth of Jacksonian democracy. Looking Backward should be set among the background problems brought on by the Industrial Revolution.

The narratives have been tested for their readability level. One sample fron each narrative has been tested with the following result: The average reading-grade level is nine plus. The difficulty range in all five narratives runs from a reading-grade level of seven plus to eleven plus.

III

Teaching Strategies

A. Part I, The Utopian Response to Idealism

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narratives:

   a. Referring to the imagery of the coach, if those workers who were once pulling the rope obtained a seat on the coach, what would be their attitude then?

   b. Since the passengers on the coach would never give up their seats, how or in what ways could they encourage those at the ropes? (This discussion involves an attitude which preserves the status quo by a promise of "salves and ointments" to ease the sores.)

   c. What motive would a man have to continue to do his best despite small reward; that is, what would inspire those doing the pulling to continue to pull?

   d. What would be the possibilities of an economic system without money?

   e. What kinds of "accidents" might occur in the life of an individual which would be the cause of his downfall?

   f. Is your idea of "justice" that everyone should receive the same rewards regardless of the amount of work one does?

   g. What motivated individuals to join utopian communities?

   h. Were there any advantages in living in a community such as Oneida? Were there any disadvantages?

   i. Did the rules of the community seem reasonable or not? Explain.

   j. From the "outside" looking in, what good impressions of the Oneida community would a visitor have taken away? What poor impressions?

k. What would "society" condemn in this community?

l. What can communities that remain apart from "society" contribute to society? (This question suggests some serious aspects of all experimental communities which may result in advanced ideas, a changed environment, educational reform, dietary experimentation, modern industrailism, personal self-realization, or faith healing.)

2. Ask the students to write down their activities throughout a day from the time of waking up to the time of sleeping. Then ask them to plot the sequence of pleasurable and unpleasurable impressions and indicate what a "good day" should be, what would be the conditions to bring about a good day, and the criteria for abundance and leisure.

3. Have students draw a cartoon or picture in which they show some aspect of society in terms of a different image than Bellamy's image of the coach.

4. If society were to agree by legislation and by gradual custom or practice to have some kind of population control in order to perfect man physically and mentally, what criteria would you (the student) set up in order to attain this objective?

5. Have the students choose a newly acquired material object or one upon which they most often depend. Ask them to forfeit its use for one week and then report on how each "got along" without the object. A preliminary discussion would involve a definition of the "material" object.

6. Present this situation: While you are walking along a busy shopping center, a very young and rather shabbily dressed boy thrusts a plastic flower into your hand. He doesn't speak, but just looks at you. What would be your reaction to this act? Why would you react in the way that you say?

7. An interesting contemporary study of the story involving Alice's Restaurant and the community at Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

B. Part II, The Humanitarian Response to Idealism

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narratives:

a. What different attitudes toward prisoners are reflected by persons in the narratives?

b. Can prison life possibly be made more pleasant?

c. What would be the ideal or "model" prison? What would be some of the problems in running a model prison?

d. Do you feel that the Auburn system was more "just" than the Pennsylvania system or the Pennsylvania system more "just" that the Auburn system? Explain.

e. What progress in prison reform has been made since the two Frenchmen visited America?

f. What reasons can you give to justify the present-day treatment of prisoners?

g. What reasons can you give to justify the treatment of persons trying to bring about changes in society?

h. In Bellamy's utopia, how were criminals to be treated?

i. What do we learn about the institution of slavery from the conversation at the slave auction?

j. Why did the demonstrators dislike and antagonize the Female Anti-Slavery Society?

k. Who were the citizens who wanted to do injury to Garrison? Why would these citizens want to harm him?

l. Whom would you defend in this situation, the citizens who attacked Garrison or Garrison himself?

m. Was this a situation where one's behavior could be judged right or wrong?

n. Should free speech have been protected in this instance? free assembly?

o. Were the ideals of the abolitionists consistent with the ideals of their society?

2. The narratives involve historically prominent persons who are designated as "reformers." It is important to discuss who is a "reformer" by using Miss Dix and Garrison as examples and by talking about contemporary persons who may qualify as "reformers." The following considerations may lead into some of the qualifications of a reformer: What are the primary considerations of a reformer? What arguments are made and how are they made on certain issues? Are all issues basically moral issues? To which part or class of society did the previous reformers belong and to which part do they belong now?

3. You are a journalist for the New York Times or you are a Life photographer. Your assignment is to do a cover story on Miss Dix's appeal to the state legislature for help for the insane; or your assignment is to attend the meetings of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society and do a cover story on its activities.

4. Ask the students to inquire about any correctional institutions near their community. These correctional institutions may offer resource persons to talk with the students or an opportunity for the students to observe their operations.

C. Part III, A World Response to Idealism

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narratives:

   a. In the "War" passage what was the hero's attitude toward the war in which he found himself?

   b. How does the hero question why he finds himself on the battlefield? Does he feel that the battle will take his life?

   c. What do we learn about the conditions of war in 1918? What aspects of war remain the same?

   d. Was the proposition to outlaw war totally unrealistic in the light of human nature?

   e. Can blame be placed on someone for declaring war?

2. Ask the students to write a brief description of a "modern" war or a brief description of the Viet Nam war from the point of view of one of the Viet Cong. If possible, have this description written for potential use as antiwar "propaganda."

3. Get in touch with local peace organizations for descriptions of their programs and speakers for the classroom.

IV

Vocabulary

A. Part I

idealism
materialism
utopianism
"sweater"
compulsory
consume, consumer
plead guilty
penalty
excise tax
income tax
debt
drones
industrialization
urbanization
communal, Communism, communized
exploitation
mechanization
alienation
optimistic
criticism
"perfectionist"
"multiple marriage"
monogamous marriage
persecuted
defiance
reluctance

B. Part II

humanitarian
flogging
branding
mutilation
penitentiary, penance
hypocrisy
solitary confinement
emaciated
mulatto
antislavery
lynch
hostility

C. Part III

parchment

shelling, shell hole

gas mask

V

Test On Idealism

Note: These attitude questions have the objective of stimulating discussion, using the viewpoint held by the students, so that a set value is not imposed on the student.

Write the word agree or disagree after each of the following statements and then explain your answer briefly.

1. Progress and poverty go hand in hand.

2. Tony and Susie were poor because they were not willing to work hard; in other words, poverty springs from laziness.

3. Industrial societies must be organized in such a way that there are always some who have a lot and many who have nothing.

4. No industrial society can hope to guarantee a living wage to everyone unless personal freedom is given up.

5. Man's perfection is a very believable ideal.

6. An ideal society must strive to change human nature by guaranteeing justice to all.

7. Utopia is not practical, since evil will always exist.

8. Moral corruption exists as the necessary by-product of an urban and industrial life.

9. Communal experiments in living work agains the basic values of American life.

10. No "perfect society" would accept the idea of a common family and community property.

11. Living apart from society as a whole harms the individual, because he remains ignorant of the world.

12. Physical punishment for prisoners is necessary in order to keep order.

13. Society is at fault when men and women display antisocial behavior.

14. Insane persons and slaves have no feelings.

15. Garrison and men like him serve society when they try to change society.

16. Garrison and men like him represent the forces of good against the forces of evil.

17. Garrison and men like him should be oppressed at every opportunity.

18. Garrison and men like him are the cause of violence toward others as well as themselves.

19. Life is cheap.

20. It is easy to kill an enemy, since all soldiers have the same fear of death.

21. To outlaw war is unrealistic, especially when nations believe that might makes right.

22. To outlaw war is unrealistic, especially when man is by nature aggressive.

VI

Resources

1. Films

   a. "The Odds Against" (1966) is a film based upon the case of John Mitchell, who was arraigned for attempted robbery, jailed, tried, sent to prison, and denied probation. Made by the American Foundation of Correctional Institutions and available from them. 32 minutes

   b. "Hunger in America" (1968), in two parts, takes a look at communities in San Antonio (Mexican-American), Loudon County, Virginia (white tenant farmers), Hale County, Alabama (Negro tenant farmers), and a community on a Navajo reservation. A CBS Report available from Carousel Films. 54 minutes

   c. "Slavery" (1965) deals with some of the facts of the history of slavery, presented through anecdote and song. It is produced by NET as one of the "History of the Negro People" series. Available from Indiana University, Audio-Visual Center. 30 minutes

   d. "Uptown: Portrait of a New York City Slum" (1966) depicts the external poverty of this disadvantaged community. Available from Danska Films. 29 minutes

   e. "The Hat" (1965) is a comic animated film which provides some answers and suggests ways to work toward world peace and a better world system. It was the best cartoon at the Venice Film Festival in 1965 and is available from Sterling Educational Films. 18 minutes

   f. The following are also recommended: "Toys on a Field of Blue," 20 minutes, and "Wargames," 19 minutes, both available from Brandon Films.

2. Recommended Additional Reading

   a. Students are interested in the anti-utopian novels which depict a dehumanized society and mass terror. These may serve as balance for Bellamy's utopia: Aldous Huxley, Brave New World, and George Orwell, 1984.

b. A recent expose of "Children in Trouble," written by Howard James for The Christian Science Monitor, is a series of articles available as reprints or in paperback from the Monitor.

3. Resource Persons

Whenever resource persons are available, they should be asked to speak to students on various problems of reform and answer questions.

VII

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Part I

THE UTOPIAN RESPONSE TO MATERIALISM

The Problems of Industrial Society

The little fellow called Tony, who seemed clad in but a single rag, was among those stranded at Police Headquarters when I arrived there. No one knew where he had come from. The boy knew as little about it as anybody else and was not anxious to talk much, after spending a night in the matron's nursery. He had discovered that beds were provided for boys to sleep in and that he could have "a whole egg" and three slices of bread for breakfast. He had decided that Headquarters was "a bully place."

"Where do you go to church, my boy?" the policeman asked.

"We don't have clothes to go to church." No doubt his appearance would have caused a sensation in church.

"Well, where do you go to school then?"

"I don't go to school," Tony snorted with contempt.

"Where do you buy your bread?"

"We don't buy no bread; we buy beer," said the boy.

It was a saloon that led the police, as a landmark, to his "home." I took a liking to the boy and volunteered that I would see him home.

On the way, we came upon three boys sitting on a beer keg in the mouth of a narrow alley. They were intent upon a game of cards. The bare feet of the

smallest lad were black with dried mud. We stopped to look at them. It was an hour before noon.

"Why aren't you in school?" I asked the oldest. He must have been thirteen.

" 'Cause I don't believe in it, " he said, his eyes on his cards.

"And you?" I asked. I caught the dirty-footed one by the collar. "Don't you know you have to go to school?"

The boy stuck his bare feet out at me. "They don't want me; I ain't got no shoes." He leaned over and picked up the trick.

Tony and I continued on past Blind Man's Alley, where a colony of blind beggars lived, and turned on Cherry Street. The Cherry Street sewer pipe ran on the surface down the whole block. A man could walk upright through it the entire distance. Tony said he had walked through the sewer pipe.

Tony lived at Number 57. The hallway of the tenement block was dark, and we nearly stumbled over small children pitching counterfeit pennies in the rear. We felt our way up the flights of stairs. All the fresh air that entered the stairway came from the hall door. The fire escapes were filled with wash-tubs and barrels over which no one could climb in case of fire.

On the third flight we bumped into a woman filling a pail from a faucet. The sinks were in the hallway so that all tenants could have access to them. The boy told me that the pump rarely worked in the summer. But the saloon was always next door; the smell followed us up and mixed with the smell of boiling

cabbage and boiling clothes. Washday was all week, there being no change of clothes.

We came to Tony's flat, a sunless tenement in the rear, consisting of a "parlor" and two bedrooms. The family teakettle on the stove was being used for boiling wash water. There was little furniture, but things were neat. A long work bench filled the "parlor." Tony's bed was a box piled with straw. Several half-finished pants were piled in the middle of the floor.

A bare-legged girl with a sallow and serious face greeted us. She was Katie, Tony's nine-year-old sister. I asked her what she was doing.

"I scrubs," she answered. Her look guaranteed that what she scrubbed came clean.

Little Susie, another sister, was pasting linen on tin covers for pocket flasks.

"I'm twelve," she volunteered. "When I'm finished running errands in the morning, I take down the bundle of tin boxes and paste two hundred before it's time for evening school. By then I've earned 60 cents, more sometimes than mother," she said with a smile.

"How many people are in the family?" I asked.

Susie counted on her fingers - five, six. "Six, sir! Six grown people and five children. One grownup is a boarder."

"And baby," Katie corrected. She pointed to a cradle near the stove where 'baby,' coughing, lay wrapped in assorted rags.

"And how much is the rent?" I asked.

"Nine and a half a month. And the landlord won't put the paper on," Susie complained. The "paper" hung in shreds on the wall.

"Where's mother?" I asked.

Mother had been called to a neighbor's tenement. She had been finishing "knee-pants" for the local "sweater." The man called the "sweater," a man who contracted to have clothing sewed and finished in the tenements, came once a week to collect the garments. Mother earned a cent and a quarter a pair for turning up and hemming the bottoms and sewing buttons on. "But she can't make more than a couple dozen a day. Even though we mind baby, mother gets called away to look after Pop," Little Susie said.

All of the grownups in the family made "knee-pants" for the local "sweater." Ten treadle sewing machines had been installed throughout the flats of this tenement block. They were rented at two dollars a month. One man, sewing at the machines for twelve hours a day, turned out three dozen knee-pants for which he would get 42 cents a dozen. An ironer would get eight cents a dozen. For buttonholes, the pay was eight cents a hundred.

"It gets very dirty sometimes," Katie said. "But it's better than tobacco fumes."

"Fumes?" I inquired, although I suspected what she meant.

"Down there," she pointed toward other tenement blocks, "everyone makes

cigars. They work with stumpy knives, and their figures get brown and greasy stripping tobacco leaves. I don't like that," Katie explained.

Someone from upstairs hollered down to Tony, "Go get a ten-cent pail of coal. My pressing irons are getting cold."

I left with him. There wasn't enough beer, or bread, or sausage to go around. I thought that when Tony got tired of "shinin' boots," he might appear again at Headquarters.

A Utopian Solution of the Problems

One of several persons concerned over the poverty which existed in the New York slums and elsewhere was the reformer Edward Bellamy, who in 1888 wrote the "utopian" novel Looking Backward. In it Bellamy described a society ruled by reason and justice in which man could reach the highest degree of perfection. Such is the meaning of the word utopia, and ideal society, in which man's perfection develops out of the practice of reason and justice.

Edward Bellamy, essentially, criticized his own society, nineteenth-century America. He compared his society to a large coach to which the masses of people were harnessed, dragging it along a very hilly and sandy road. The driver was hunger and permitted no lagging.

Despite the difficulty of drawing the coach at all along so hard a road, the top was covered with passengers who never got down. These seats on top were very comfortable. Naturally such places were in great demand, and the

competition for them was keen, everyone seeking as the first end in life to secure a seat on the coach for himself and to leave it to his child after him. By the rule of the coach, a man could leave his seat to whomever he wished, but on the other hand there were many accidents by which his place might be lost. At every sudden jolt of the coach, persons slipped out of their seats and fell to the ground, where they had to take hold of the rope and help to drag the coach. It was naturally regarded as a terrible misfortune to lose one's seat, and the fear that this might happen to them was a constant cloud upon the happiness of those who rode.

In constrast to this image of the coach with the many pulling and the few riding on top, Bellamy described a utopian society in which the nation would be the only employer and in which all the citizens would be employees. With each citizen's labor made use of according to the needs of production, there would be no strikes and no wars. Each citizen would be protected against hunger, cold, and nakedness, and all his needs would be provided for. The injustices presented by the image of the coach would thus be corrected.

This utopian society would direct each person's labor for a term of years. In fact, labor would be compulsory, and reasonably so, since the society was based upon each person's contributing his share. The term of "service" to the nation would be 24 years, beginning at 21 at the close of the course of education and ending at 45. After 45, while discharged from labor, the citizen could be called on in emergencies until he was 55 years old.

It was the business of the administration of the nation to make all trades and jobs equally attractive. The lighter trades would have longer hours, while a heavy trade, such as mining, shorter hours.

Everyone was to be a common laborer for three years of his service to the nation. Then each person could choose whether he would be fit for a profession, for farming, or for mechanical employment. At any rate, professional training would be open to everyone until he was 35.

This society which Bellamy envisaged would exist without money or trade. Each citizen would be given a credit card at the beginning of each year, and he would simply pick up the goods which he needed at the central storehouses set up by the administration of the nation. A person would merely present his credit card instead of making a money payment. The basis for this system was that no one would need to "spend" more than was written on his credit card and that no one was encouraged to consume more and more just to use up goods.

Everyone was to receive the same amount of credit, regardless of the amount of work he did. Everyone, according to Bellamy, had the right to a decent life, not because he was superior or good in one thing or another, but because he was a human being. Even though some men might do twice the work of others, each person would be required to make his best effort. There should be no cause for any complaint of injustice.

"The amount of effort a workman gives is the basis for his deserving goods. Goods are material objects and the quantity of material objects produced is not the

measure of a man's worth," Bellamy reasoned.

This society would be based on a sense of love and common good, because Bellamy believed that mankind was motivated by more than a love of luxury. It would be based on truth. There were to be no jails. All cases of repeated crimes were to be treated in hospitals. Since the administration controlled the wealth of the nation and guaranteed a living to everyone, on the one hand, it would do away with want; and on the other hand, it would check excessive riches, thus providing no motive for crime. So when crime appeared, it would be explained as a sickness and treated in the hospital.

In fact, there would be little need for courts. With no private property and no fights between citizens over business and no debts to collect, there would be no business for a court.

There would, then, be no need for lawyers, since a criminal who was accused would need no defense. He would plead guilty in most instances. If a criminal denied guilt, he would be tried. But trials would be very few. If a man should say he was not guilty and should be proved guilty, his penalty would be doubled. In other words, falsehood would be disliked so much that few criminals would lie to save themselves.

A society which stressed truthtelling would put a heavy responsibility on the individual.

The only function left for the administration of the nation would be to direct the industries of the country. There would be no army, no navy, and no military

organization. There would be no departments of state or treasury, no excises and income taxes, no tax collector. The only function of government which still remained would be the judiciary and the police department.

There would be so little need for passing laws that the Congress would meet only once every five years. Each city or town would be given a proportion of the labor force which its citizens contributed to the nation. There would be no national or city debt. As no money would go to support the military, the wealth of the nation would be ready for use by all citizens.

The number of citizens lost to the working force because of physical handicap would be small. No criminal class would prey upon the wealth of society. "There were no idlers, rich or poor, no drones." Wives should not be dependent on their husbands for support, nor children on their parents. The child's labor, when he grew, would go to increase the welfare of the whole nation, not his parents'. Children would be raised and educated by the nation.

These were some of the characteristics of Bellamy's ideal society. Its aim was the good life based on man's spiritual and human development rather than on his material comforts--getting and piling up more and more THINGS.

Experiments in Living

At the time the events in the following narrative took place, the idea of progress, which was so very much a part of the American way of life, came into question.

The period before the Civil War especially was a restless one. In the East, industrialization and urbanization, together with the new marvels of invention used in transportation and industry, contributed to this restlessness.

In his own way, each citizen in the young republic felt this restlessness. Economic security in a country where land was plentiful and cheap allowed many citizens to challenge the institutions of America which had become traditional and to form communal organizations; communities of citizens living together, separated from the rest of society.

For the most part, these communities, as experiments in living, offered shared lands and goods and a salvation away from the contaminating or corrupting influences of contemporary industrial America.

Most who joined these communities were poor men and women who brounght with them the potential value of their capacity to work. Since they were without money, they were also without the special influence money could buy. They were defenseless against what they felt were the whimsies of government and social institutions.

There were many such communities. Some of them lasted a few years and

some lasted a century or more. They could have operated only in the atmosphere of freedom and tolerance for social experimentation which America allowed.

A number of these communities were utopian experiments in which some form of socialism or communism was voluntarily established. These were a protest against the evils--such as a competitive exploitation of human labor--found where mechanization was beginning to take hold at the price of alienating citizens from their society. Furthermore, the members of these communities were optimistic in their desires to create a better life by setting the real example in the hope that all would adopt their new system.

An American Utopia

Somewhere early in my life I learned that the world into which I had been born was called "Oneida Community." I learned from the report of relatives that, like other Community children, I had remained in the care of my mother until I was able to walk. Then, at the age when all Community children were brought together, I was transferred to a department called the Drawing Room.

I remember nothing about my life in the Drawing Room, but I was loved and cared for. I have been told that in the early 1870's, our Community experiment was talked about a great deal, and the Drawing Room was frequently crowded with "outsiders" who were interested in observing how we were educated in the Community. And I seem to remember a time when the Drawing Room, and later the Mansion House, was the entire world and "our folks" the population of it.

I remember one rather unusual problem which engaged my mind and the amusing solution at which I arrived. We were forbidden to speak to "hired men" and "outsiders." These two designations seemed to apply to strange people, and yet I felt sure there was a difference. In the end I decided that "hired men" spit brown and "outsiders" spit white. The fact is that the Community's "hired men" chewed tobacco, while the higher class of "outsiders," who were visitors, did not. The "hired men" came and went and would often leave the Community as soon as winter was over.

My cousin Dick and I were by choice inseparable; so much so that often we preferred the company of each other over all other children. "Exclusive" friendship or selfish affection the Communicty regarded as a sin. Any friendship that excluded others came in for criticism among the members of our Community, who were called Perfectionists because they were dedicated to the idea of a "perfect society." The penalty, upon conviction of "being partial," was a sentence of separation for several days. It went like this. "Richard and Pierrepont (otherwise I was called Pip) must not speak to each other for ten days."

Dick and I found a way to avoid the serious inconvenience of separation. Papa Kelly, our teacher, had said, "speak to each other," so we talked through a third person. This avoidance of direct disobedience was highly technical, but it satisfied our moral sense and respect for authority.

When I was six years old, my mother was allowed to arrange a birthday party for me. I think my mother got even more pleasure than I did out of the party. The Community system was harder on mothers than on their children.

Whenever I was permitted to visit my mother in her room--once a week--she always seemed trying to make up for lost opportunity, lavishing affection on me. I remember her terror when she thought my crying or fussing would be heard. She knew that Father Noyes, my father and the leader of the Community, disliked any excess of parental love; and she feared that these demonstrations would deprive her of my regular visits, which many times it did. If I misbehaved, Papa Kelly would not let me visit my mother.

In the development of my character, I owe more to my mother than I do to my father. He never seemed a father to me in the ordinary sense. He was much too far away, too busy. He lived somewhere upstairs and was usually surrounded by men who set down the rules for our Community.

In his place, I had "Uncle Abram," whom I loved as a father. He was not really my uncle, but the father of my half brother, for many of us children had the same father but not the same mother. I had several half brothers and sisters. At any rate, we children believed that fathers were appointed by the adults in the Community.

I must explain that we were never conscious of the unusual sexual arrangements in the Community. Of course, there was never any flirting or courting in public. But a system of "multiple marriage: existed, whereby any couple could unite in the eyes of the Communicty without the need for a "legal" marriage based upon the standards of the "outsiders." Permission had to be given by the leaders of the Community for these marriage unions to take place,

and the couples respected the decisions made.

Everyone worked a few hours each day. The Community believed that children should work too. Every day, except Sunday, we had to make chains for an hour after lunch; slow-working boys made them for a longer time, since each of us had to make one hundred chains in an afternoon. The Community manufactured steel game traps, and to each trap was attached a 14-inch chain.

Visitors to the Community were generally shown the chain room. They always admired our enthusiasm. We concentrated upon our work until, one by one, we were able to call out "all done." At times we experienced a pretaste of life's bitter disappointments. With half of our companions already on the playground, we would be called back to correct bad work or because a check up failed to confirm our count of a hundred chains.

Another interesting place was the laundry down by the mill. I could stand indefinitely watching the jerky gyrations of the homemade washing machine, whose thrashing scrubbers, swinging on long wooden arms, slid alternately down into the sudsy water among the clothes.

At the tinshop we watched great sheets of tin or galvanized iron go through rollers and come out as gutter pipes. Even dentistry enlisted our interest; not the torture chamber where the doctor worked over people's faces, but another room in which we could see jars filled with teeth, bundles of soft red-rubber strips, and "plates" going through the various processes. Sometimes we would dare each other to open the vulcanizing oven to see how the false teeth were progressing.

From the earliest days, the Community did all the work possible in "bees," an old New England Custom. It was my participation in these "bees," such as a strawberry-picking bee, which made me think, "Outsiders never have as much fun as our folks." Oneida Community planted in my mind a conviction that play is good only when earned by work.

My father, as I indicated before, was the center of life at Oneida. Perhaps today he would be called a fanatic, but he preached the Communism of the early church, and his followers accepted his preaching. For more than 30 years, the three hundred members of the Oneida Community in New York lived together like a great family, holding all worldly belongings in common.

I should regret it if the Oneida Community were to be confused with that modern "Communism" which denies God and makes material things more important than spiritual life. Our communism was nonpolitical. My father aimed at a system under which the individual would forget himself and would strive for the happiness of all. In this way, he interpreted the spirit of the early Christian church.

The desire for exclusive ownership of things is not a prime human instinct, he felt. Throughout my childhood, the private ownership of anything seemed to me to be artificial: something to which the "outside" clung. We children struggled for the use of things we desired, but ownership was never seriously considered. For instance, we were keen for our favorite sleds, but it never occured to me that I could own a sled to the exclusion of the other boys.

To be sure, each boy had his everyday clothes and his special hook on which to hang them, but all this was arranged for the sake of orderliness. When I went away from home, I proudly wore one of the Community "best suits." "Going-away clothes" for grown folks, as for children, were common property. Any man or women preparing for a trip was fitted out with one of the suits kept in stock for that purpose.

It was not clothes alone that were communized. My father believed that there was inherent selfishness in exclusive personal relationships. These Perfectionists in the Community adopted communism of property to eliminate material self-seeking; they dressed in simple clothes and tabooed jewelry, and the women cut their hair short, to eliminate vanity; they arranged that every member should take his turn at the humblest work to eliminate pride and power; they abolished monogamous marriage to do away with selfishness in love. Yet my father believed we were all born with a competitive spirit, and he encouraged competitiveness to ensure efficiency and industry.

In the Children's House, where we were schooled in later years, we were taught selflessness and had no special training in self defense which would demonstrate supremacy by throwing down or wounding a fellow. We believed that only bad boys attacked one another; we felt that this belonged to the "outsiders."

It does seem strange to me, when I look back at the abnormally religious atmosphere which surrounded us, that we led such normal lives. The answer rests

in the fact that our guardians never persecuted us, nor did they hover over us as doting parents do. They left us to ourselves.

In June of 1879, something happened that disturbed me. My father disappeared; departed secretly from Oneida and no one seemed to know where he had gone. I saw tears in my mother's eyes. She would not discuss this event with me.

As a matter of history, John Humphrey Noyes, after keeping his unconventional communal system in defiance of public opinion for more than 30 years, after defending it against attacks by the clergy and the law courts, decided suddenly to leave Oneida. He had, it seems, definite information that certain men inside the Community were about to ally themselves with the "outside" crusaders who opposed the communal features of our Community.

When the struggle inside the Community seemed to have reached a dangerous crisis, my father called his council together, and they urged, "You should go away immediately! Tommorrow the Community, your children, all of us,. may be dragged into publicity that will damage our lives."

So he took a train to a St. Lawrence port and crossed by ferry to Canada. He remained at Niagara until he died. It was at Niagara that I visited him in later years.

One factor which contributed to the breakdown of Oneida communism was the emergence of a new generation of young people who did not have the religious devotion which the original members brought with them in 1848. Even Dick and I became preoccupied with the breaking up of the Children's House. We speculated

about the opportunities beyond the hills.

"If the Community breaks up, we can go to Oneida village as often as we want to, or to Syracuse, or do anything we want to, " I said.

He replied, "You won't go, because you won't have any money. You can't do anything without money."

"I'll earn some, " I said.

"You don't know that you can earn enough money to get things to eat, " Dick said.

This was a discouraging thought. From this time on, we acquired a new interest in "hired men." We hung around them and asked them about things on the "outside." For my part, also, I knew that acceptance by the worldlings would be given me with great reluctance. People would always say, "He's a son of old man Noyes." I tried to make up for these shortcomings by learning to be tough.

But I knew I was no match for an "outsider." Earl and Chet were "outsiders," although their mother had been a member of the Community years before. Now she had returned to Oneida from Lansing, Michigan, with Chet and Earl. We learned later that her "husband" had left them. I could sense that they had been told to "fall in" with the Community discipline so that they would not give their mother a bad name and so that they could enjoy the security of the Community.

Both boys became very bold. They called us cowards. They said we were follish to obey Papa Kelly. They fought us hard enough to draw blood.

Earl dropped uncomfortable hints about our legal status. "You could never

go to Lansing," he would say when we questioned him. "You're not legitimate. Chet and I are."

We didn't wnat to accept the truth of this, but in their eyes we weren't legitimate. Dick and I remained friendly with them because they knew more about the "outside" than anyone else of our acquaintance.

I was drawn closer to my mother druing this time of transition in the Community. I once asked her whom she was going to marry. I remember that she answered, "Perhaps no one. Your father is already married." I was thinking only of myself. But I knew with the end of communism in the Community and the change in the marriage practices (according to the laws of the "outside"), my mother intended to keep me with her wherever she went and not turn me over to the guardianship of the Noyes family.

Out of the ashes of the communal Community, a profit-directed company, the Oneida Community Limited, was created. Each member of the Community was given shares of stock. The Community had always preferred industry to agriculture. In time, the company proved financially successful.

There arose a new respect for money, and we were made to pay in the exact value (no profits allowed) for the goods which we consumed. We children were especially enthusiastic about the restaurant. There we could order anything we wanted from a printed price list: pancakes and maple syrup for five cents, etc. The financial arrangements of the company in terms of the restaurant illustrate

the naïve economic ideas of the men who had known communism. Gradually they learned the meaning of "overhead expenses" and "depreciation."

Until I was 16, I remained with my mother and her family. On the few occasions when I visited my father, I had glimpsed the outside world and was enchanted by it. I realized that I was handicapped by my ignorance in the struggle with educated men, and I wanted an education more than anything else. My mother agreed to put the value of her stock in the Community toward my education costs. I was accepted and entered Colgate Academy. I was on my own at last.

Pierrepont Noyes

Part II

THE HUMANITARIAN RESPONSE TO IDEALISM

Prison Life

I am writing this series of letters from the Jefferson City Penitentiary. The penitentiary wall is four feet thick, made of thicknesses of brick with one foot of stone between courses of brick.

When I was brought to the penitentiary, I was freed from my chain, stripped, examined, recorded. My head was shaved; I was clothed in shining striped colors; and another chain was put on my leg. The overseer stood before me with a pistol, while a guard was at the door with a musket.

The rules were then recited to me: "You cannot speak to any prisoner out of your cell nor to one another in your cell. You must take off your cap when speaking to a guard. You must address no convict as 'Mister'." I asked if I could write letters. I was given permission to write one letter every three months. I could not keep a journal, and my cell would be searched to see that I did not.

I wanted to keep a journal during my prison stay. There was no need for my chains; I wouldn't resist. I had been sentenced to two years of imprisonment for helping a slave to escape over the Missouri border. I was a preacher and freely admitted that I had helped the slave.

My cell, which I shared with two others, was 12 feet by 8 feet, with a four-foot reinforced iron door. I slept on three blankets.

My first meal, which all prisoners ate in the darkness of their cells, was corn meal and bacon. I ate with my fingers, since no knives or forks were given to the prisoners. I was told that occasionally the prisoners received hog's ears and feet, eyes, hearts, and livers. I would have to get used to the feel of this food in the dark.

In the morning, we were aroused by the rattling of bolts and locks and chains. The prisoners were in chains, some with chains on both ankles. The doors of the cells were opened, and the prisoners had the free range of a large room about 200 feet by 100 feet. There thieves, counterfeiters, gamblers, drunkards, and murderers, from 16 to 65 years old and imprisoned for from 2 to 99 years, mingled.

By some circumstance, a young boy, who probably never had dreamed of committing a crime, was among these prisoners for having set off firecrackers in the street. I noticed that in a few months he had learned how to pick pockets.

Several evenings after my arrival, I was disturbed by shrieks and pleadings. They came from the guardroom. The drunken warden had dragged a prisoner from his bed and was flogging him. The groans made the other prisoners' hair stand on end, while we lay in suspense expecting any moment that our turn would come. For trifles, men were flogged 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50 strokes

with a strap. The prisoner had his hands tied together and placed over his knees, where they were held by a broomstick passing through behind the knees. Thus, lying on his side, stripped to his skin, he got the strokes. To get up was impossible, until the warden drew the stick from its place. The strap was of thick leather, one inch wide by two feet long. It didn't break the skin, but bruised it till it turned black and blue.

I mistakenly thought, since I was a preacher, I could reform the procedure for allowing the prisoners to do some work outside. I was lucky. I was allowed to chop wood and split rails, hard but pleasant work.

But one Sunday I refused to go down to have my head shaved. I was dragged from my cell, shaved, and put in a dungeon. The next evening I was flogged 10 strokes.

The Model Prisons

By 1830, public whipping, branding, and mutilation had disappeared in America. And through the efforts of societies interested in prison reforms, the treatment of prisoners was greatly improved over that described above.

Roberts Vaux was one reformer who reported to a Philadelphia society on conditions in the prisons. He had found that prisoners had little clothing because the inmates took the outer clothing of the new prisoners to pay for rum. Prisoners were charged for food and lodging, and when they were judged innocent

by trial, they might have to stay in jail for not being able to pay their jail fees. Other reformers insisted that useful labor might bring about good work habits.

As a result of these reports, two prison systems which instituted changes were founded at Sing Sing in New York State and at Cherry Hill in Philadelphia.

The "model" prison at Sing Sing had small cells seven feet by three feet wide. During the daytime, the men were allowed to work outside, although the discipline was severe. The prisoners were marched to work in lock step and were not allowed to speak to one another. The "model" prison built at Cherry Hill was designed to have the prisoners live and work in their cells by themselves.

The following is an account of visits to these two prisons by two Frenchmen who were sent to the United States to study the prison systems.

"I'm the warden. Welcome to Sing Sing Penitentiary, Mr. de Tocqueville. We're honored to have you visit us here in New York."

"How do you do," de Tocqueville replied. "This is my friend, Mr. Gustave de Beaumont, who is studying your American prison systems with me."

The warden nodded. "Well, how do you like our penitentiary?"

"We find the administration very interesting so far. But why do you say 'penitentiary' and not 'prison'?" asked de Tocqueville.

"Prison shuts up a person," the warden replied as they walked through

the yard. "This is a place to do penance--to feel sorry for the wrongs done against society--and then to return to society a changed man."

"Do penance? This is punishment?" asked de Beaumont.

"Yes. We have a thousand hardened criminals here, kept at their work without walls, in the open, watched over by a few guards. They must work in silence."

"To prevent conspiracy," de Tocqueville observed.

"Yes, and more. You can see them working in the stone quarries," the warden continued. "We give them a chance to meditate on their crimes against society and," he added quickly, "against God. Silence is the best punishment. Work--to learn a trade and to earn their own keep--and silence."

"I see you believe that the penitentiary is a place to learn new habits, good ones we hope. Certainly, I can appreciate the necessity of learning a trade, but what if the prisoner doesn't keep the rule of silence?" de Tocqueville asked.

"Then he is whipped. Whipping is the most humane physical punishment. It never injures the health. The prisoner soon learns to keep 'silence.'"

"Do you really believe the prisoners are reformed when they are ready to go back to society? I realize that Americans respect the laws more than foreigners," asked de Beaumont.

"I don't believe there is complete reform. You don't find a man who is

a criminal becoming a saint or a very religious man overnight. But the prisoner does become a good citizen, because he has learned a trade."

"Is that reform? Simply to improve the conduct of a man? What about the conduct of men while they are in prison?" asked de Beaumont.

"We find that the model prisoner picks up his old habits when he gets out. The worst characters are the best prisoners, because they see through the system immediately. They act well, keep out of trouble, and stay away from the whip. But they are not reformed."

"You are frank. Do you have any other conclusions on the role of the penitentiary you might share with us?" asked de Tocqueville.

"Yes," the warden replied. "Never grant pardons for good conduct. This is hypocrisy: to punish and then to take away punishment. You are no nearer reform than you were in the beginning, if you grant a pardon."

The two men thanked the warden at Sing Sing for his consideration. De Tocqueville and de Beaumont left New York state and traveled to Philadelphia.

"You know de Beaumont," de Tocqueville said, "the prisoners are productive; they produce enough to exceed expenses. In fact, the penitentiary makes a profit for the state on its industries.

De Beaumont found fault with the system: "Work and silence! I don't believe the religious influence is effective at all. I think the discipline at

Sing Sing could explode in violence at any moment. Let's wait to compare the Quaker system at the Philadelphia penitentiary."

De Beaumont and de Tocqueville discovered that the Eastern State Penitentiary at Cherry Hill, Philadelphia, at the time of their visit in 1831, was two years old and not yet completed. The Quaker groups which had planned the administration of the penitentiary had called in special architects to design the building.

"I have never seen such gigantic walls! It is like a medieaval castle!" de Beaumont exclaimed.

"It's a fortress! Look, it's built like a wheel with the cell blocks and exercise yards going out as spokes from the center building!" de Tocqueville also exclaimed.

"We have spared no expense," Mr. Vaux, the director, said when they had introduced themselves. "The walls at Cherry Hill cost $200,000."

"$200,000! And the cost of each cell?" de Tocqueville inquired.

"$1600. Each prisoner has his own cell and yard and remains alone day and night."

"In complete silence and alone?" de Tocqueville could not believe his ears.

"Yes, alone."

"Isn't this cruel?"

"No. It's the greatest kindness we could give a prisoner. He can hear his own guilty conscience when he is alone. He can reflect on his past sins and be sorry, feel repentent."

"How can you change human nature? Isn't this a little difficult? Wouldn't he become bitter against society?"

"We are not alone in changing human nature. We have the help of God. We believe reform means to 'make again.' And we do not punish their bodies."

It was apparent to the two visitors that the Cherry Hill system was based upon the notion that every prisoner was also a sinner. Mr. Vaux continued to explain that in his solitary cell the prisoner had his work and his Bible.

"Has anybody asked the prisoners how they feel? If they are repentent? Are they in good health?" de Tocqueville asked.

"No one has asked. That is against the rules," Mr. Vaux replied.

"I should like to speak with them. May I? If I could talk to them, I should have a better idea of the value of the system."

Mr. Vaux hesitated, but agreed. "I suppose we should learn if there is anything in the system that isn't right. I have no other interest than the truth."

Mr. Vaux led de Tocqueville down the corridor of one large wing and let him enter cell 242. The cell was 17 feet square, with a ceiling 12 feet high. It was large enough for a weaver's loom. The prisoner had a bed, a washbowl, and a water closet, and there was an adjoining yard the same dimensions as

the cell where he was allowed to exercise for an hour each day and in which he could cultivate shrubbery, flowers, or vegetables. "This man," he said, has been taught how to read and write. He has a Bible and his work. He has been condemned for murder. He has talked to no one from the outside for several years."

Mr. Vaux left.

"Good day. My name is Alexis de Tocqueville. I have permission to talk with you. Would you like to talk with me?"

The prisoner looked up from his work. "Y - e -s g-o-o-d d-a -y," he said, his lips trembling.

"I'm innocent. I'm a drunkard, but I'm not a murderer. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart," he sobbed. "I'm sorry to be this way, sir, but it's a shock--being alone," his voice trailed off.

"Is it hard to be alone?"

"Alone? Yes. Sometimes there is a pleasure in this solitude. But I'm tormented. I'd like to see my wife and children. I never used to think much about them before. I'd like to bring up my children. I think about them a lot now."

"I saw you were at work when I came in. Could you stay here alone without work?"

"Oh, no. Don't suggest it! I need work in order to live," the prisoner pleaded. "Work is a privilege. I should die without work."

"Do you see the keepers?"

"I see the faces of the guards six times a day."

"Is this a consolation to you?"

"Oh, yes. It's a joy to see them. When a butterfly comes into my yard, I do it no harm. It's company for me. I look forward to the good weather so the butterflies will come into my yard."

De Tocqueville visited a number of other prisoners. None of them wanted him to leave; they clung to him. Their bodies were healthy, and their cells clean. Some men were sorry for their crimes, but not all men were sorry.

One prisoner admitted to de Tocqueville, "I have grown more cautious, but not sorry for robbing a man when I could not find a job. Because I have been alone, I have reflected on my past life, and I've determined not to steal again. I know one thing: I have made no dangerous acquaintances here. I have not been influenced by another criminal. And no one knows me here. This is an advantage. I can start a new life unhampered by a prison record."

De Beaumont and de Tocqueville had many points to think over about the penitentiary system. Were the prisoners reformed, as the warden claimed, or were they more cautious?

De Beaumont, I think that the prisoner becomes more industrious. Productive work cuts the cost of keeping the prisoners."

"Yes. And it's good if society pardons the prisoner afterward. But if his conscience doesn't pardon him, it is all in vain. He must live with the thought that he is a criminal. He is deprived of self-respect and honor."

Hospitals for the Insane

"You have a caller, Miss Dix," the landlady said to the frail woman sitting in the dark by the window.

The caller was a student studying for the ministry who had come to ask Miss Dix's help. "As part of my work, I'm teaching the Bible to a group of women in jail, but I'm finding it difficult. If only you knew of a woman who would be willing to give up a few Sundays to teach for me! A woman could hold their interest better than I."

"A woman? Where is the jail?" Miss Dix asked, very much interested in the request.

"It's the Middlesex County House of Correction. Most people call it the East Cambridge jail."

"I'll be there myself next Sunday!" she answered firmly.

The following Sunday, Dorothea Dix went to the East Cambridge jail. She taught the women in a high, dark cell. When she had finished with them, she turned to the jailer "Would you show me where you keep the insane?"

"No one goes down there," he replied. She insisted, so they went out into the prison yard. At the edge of one building, the jailer lifted a trap door, and they went down moldy steps. The jailer lit a lantern. Miss Dix noticed a row of iron doors. "Not in there!" she said, shrinking from the dampness.

"No one can hear them down here," he said. "These cells were used once for solitary confinement."

The jailer opened a door, and she was met by a piercing scream. Fierce, suspicious eyes stared at her from a toothless, old woman who was penned in on both sides in a wooden crib. Another and another emaciated human being screamed or wept when they saw Miss Dix. One young girl, in a cage with her clothes torn to shreds, complained that she was cold.

"Why are these people treated this way? Why isn't there a stove down there?" Miss Dix demanded, resentment and fury in her voice.

"There's never been a stove down there," the jailer replied; "besides, insane people can't feel the cold!"

Dorothea Dix did not forget what she had seen at the East Cambridge jail. The next day, she returned to East Cambridge to confront the commissioners responsible for the conditions at the jail. She returned day after day; she pleaded; she argued. She asked for a stove for the insane; she asked for a new jail. No one would listen.

"Lies. All lies. No such conditions exist in the jail!" the commissioners claimed.

Miss Dix decided to ask friends to support her.

"Be patient," one of them advised. "People must be told. I'll ask Horace Mann and Charles Sumner to arouse public opinion. If they confirm your story, people will have to listen."

Then a Boston newspaper carried a report of the conditions: "It is all true. The women are tied in cribs. Such horrors I saw in the East Cambridge jail." The report was signed by Charles Sumner, who also often spoke against slavery.

The commissioners quickly voted to install a stove and to improve conditions "for the insane housed in the cells of solitary confinement." But Dorothea Dix had not finished. There was still suffering. The insane should not be in prison at all!

She realized that the need for hospitals for the insane would have to be shown; she would take a survey. She would visit every town and village in the state and every jail and workhouse and talk to every jailer. And she knew the jailers would dislike her poking into their affairs--a "busybody spinster," as they called her.

She found the insane in barns, sheds, and stalls. They were chained, put in cages, fed like animals.

The keepers' answers to her questions were callous and indifferent. "Why don't you give this girl clean clothes?"

"She wouldn't know the difference."

"How do you know this man doesn't mind wearing an iron collar on his neck?"

"Because he's never tried to run away since he's had the iron collar."

"Why don't you give him a plate to eat from?"

"He likes eating off the floor."

Miss Dix documented each case which she saw, such as the man who was entombed in a block hut in the middle of a swamp.

"Now stand back," she was warned by the keeper. "He may be behind the door. He's raving mad. He's chained, but he can kill you."

She found the "raving" man in a room made of rocks so low that one could not stand straight. She saw a man naked, with white, tangled hair to his shoulders. He stood in the mud, chained to a rock, silent, breathing heavily. She touched him on the shoulder, and he wept. He had been in this tomb for three years.

At another time, she found a girl beating upon the bars of her cage. Human waste had accumulated on the floor. She was tearing off her skin by inches; her face, neck, and arms were disfigured, with half the skin off.

As the months passed, Miss Dix made friends with the keepers and persuaded them to be more humane. But her real object was to persuade state legislatures to vote enough money for hospitals.

Eventually, the members of the legislatures were moved to action. Legislators disliked her for intruding on their lawmaking, but they admired her courage.

By the end of her life, Dorothea Dix had influenced enough persons, organizations, and state legislatures so that more than a hundred hospitals for the insane had been established.

Prison Reality: 1969 "The Crime Hatcheries" *

The exhibits were a jarring departure from those normally shown in the marble-walled Senate Caucus Room and they were definately not for weak stomachs. Hugh easels bore larger-than-life photographs of nude, male prison inmates who had suffered livid scars from tortures and beatings. Home-made workshops were mounted on other panels. And most disturbing of all, once its perverted purpose was apparent, was a simple old-fashioned, crank-type telephone. Wires from the magneto of such a phone, it was explained, were attached to an inmate's toe. Then the telephone crank was turned, sending jolting shocks through the inmate's body and driving him to the brink of unconsciousness.

These ugly displays were on view early last week for the beginning of

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Senate subcommittee hearings, headed by Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, on juvenile delinquency and institutions for dealing with it. Thomas O. Murton, the slight former superintendent of the Arkansas prison system, told the senators that the torture telephone was regularly used at Arkansas's notorious Tucker prison farm, and insisted that prison conditions in Arkansas are much like those throughout the nation. Murton was backed by a parade of subcommittee witnesses--prosecutors, prison officials and reformers--whose testimony was unanimous in affirming that juvenile-prison facilities, far from redirecting wayward youths, are brutal breeding grounds of bitter social outcasts.

"Monster-producing factories," was the term Murton used. "Crime hatcheries," echoed Joseph R. Rowan, executive director of the John Howard Association of Illinois. Rowan cited a chilling catalogue of horrors in Cook County (Chicago) jails when such an indiscriminate mingling of young and old occurred. One 14 year old boy was sexually attacked by four adult offenders. Another boy ended up in a mental hospital after similar attacks. An 18 year old youth was wrapped in a blanket, soaked with benzine and set afire. "He died shortly thereafter," Rowan added.

"Sexual assaults are epidemic," concurred District Attorney Arlen Specter of Philadelphia in testimony about his city's prison system. "Almost every slightly built young man is sexually approached within hours after his admission to prison. Many of these young men are beaten and repeatedly raped

by gang aggressors." Spector cited a report on sexual assaults in the city's prisons that traces the awful fate of such victims. "After a young man's body has been defiled, his manhood degraded and his will broken," says the report, "he is marked as a sexual victim for the duration of his confinement. This mark follows him from institution to institution. He eventually returns to the community ashamed, confused and filled with hatred." And another subcommittee witness, Milton Luger, director of the New York State Division for Youth, added a logical conclusion to the illogic of such a "correctional" system. "It will probably be better for all concerned," he said, "if young delinquents were not detected, apprehended or institutionalized. Too many of them get worse in our care."

The solution, nearly everyone agreed, was more money for better, more individualized treatment, but no one was optimistic about getting it. Juvenile delinquency, admitted subcommittee chairman Dodd, "doesn't get very high priority" from the public. We seem to worry mostly about more police, judges, and penitentiaries." The testimony of a product of juvenile "correctional" facilities dramatically underlined, however, that more police, judges and penitentiaries can be precisely the price of humane and purposeful treatment of juvenile delinquents. This witness entered the Caucus Room in handcuffs. Identified only as "John Doe", 25, the husky Negro had been selected by computer as an average District of Columbia Corrections Department inmate. He talked

for 80 minutes about his nine years, on and off, in jail. And what did he expect to do, asked Dodd solicitously, when he got out the next time? "Do what I always did," replied the witness. "Get me a pistol and stick up anything that moves."

The Slave Auction

The small, bald man wearing glasses had learned by consulting the local newspapers that the sales of slaves in Richmond took place by auction every morning in the offices of the brokers. When he reached the auctioneer's office, a crowd had gathered. The slaves had not yet arrived from the jail where they were kept. In a while they were ushered into the office; the man noticed without chains or whips. Sometimes they were chained.

As soon as the slaves were seated, the prospective buyers began to examine them, feeling their arms, looking into their mouths, and investigating the quality of their hands and fingers. A woman with three children drew the attention of the small man. She was neatly dressed, with a kerchief around her head, and she wore a white apron over her gown. Her children were all girls, one a three-month-old baby, the others two and three years old. Neither girl was crying. While the prospective purchasers were examining the other slaves, the man spoke to the woman.

"Are you a married woman?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many children have you had?"

"Seven."

"Where is your husband?"

"In Georgia."

"When did you part from him?"

"Several weeks ago."

"Were you sorry to part from him?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a deep sigh; "my heart was broken."

"Why is your master selling you?"

"I don't know--he wants money to buy some land--suppose he sells me for that."

The man ended the conversation as the auctioneer cried, "Sale is going to commence."

A mulatto assistant led the woman and the children to the auction block. There she stood with her infant in her arms and with one of her girls at each side.

"Well, gentlemen," began the auctioneer, "here is a good woman and her three children, all in good health. What do you say for them. Give me an offer." When nobody spoke: "I put up the whole lot for $850 as a beginning bid--$850 -- $850. Will no one bid higher than that? A very extraordinary bargain,

gentlemen. A fine healthy baby. Hold it up. (The mulatto held up the baby.) That will do; a woman still young, and three children, all for $850. (A voice bids $860.) Thank you. Any more bids? (A second voice says $870; and so the bidding goes on as far as $890, when it stops.) That won't do, gentlemen. I cannot take such a low price. (After a pause, addressing the mulatto): She may go down." The woman and her three children were taken down from the block and calmly resumed their seats.

The next lot brought forward one of the men. The mulatto asked him to come behind a screen. He was ordered to take off his clothes, which he did without a word. About a dozen men crowded to the spot, where they began to scrutinize his skin for sores and disease. The slave was asked to open and shut his hands. When the examination was over, he was told to dress himself and walk to the block. But no one would bid for the male slave that day.

"Come along, my young man," the auctioneer said to a little boy; "jump up here!"

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, putting his hand on the shoulder of the boy, "here is a very fine boy, seven years old. I put him up for $500. Anyone say more than $500? ($560 is bid.) Nonsense! Just look at him! See how high he is. ($570 is bid.) Look at his hands, gentlemen."

"Go down, my boy, and show them how you can run."

The boy seemed happy to do as he was told. He ran around the room several times.

"Come now. What is the bid. ($580--then $630 are bid.) I will sell him for $630. Last call! Gone for $630."

Such was the experience in this slave market. The small man, William Lloyd Garrison, had restrained himself from jumping up on the auction block and denouncing the entire procedure as a sin against God and against the Constitution. For the time being, he would remain an observer. He could fight slavery by writing articles about the auctions and by publishing them in his own paper, The Liberator.

Garrison crusaded against slave-runners as well as slave auctions and slaveowners; against those Northerners involved in the institution of slavery as well as against Southerners.

Garrison, by nature an agitator against slavery, took care. He had just finished a jail sentence in Baltimore, because he had printed the name of a merchant from Newburyport (Garrison's home town) in his paper. This merchant, who owned a ship, was engaged in the slave traffic which carried slaves from Annapolis to New Orleans. Although the facts were true, Garrison was brought to court for damaging the merchant's character, was found guilty, and was fined. He was sentenced to jail for seven weeks in Baltimore because he was unable to pay the fine.

The Anti-Slavery Meeting

It was a warm October afternoon in Boston. The Female Anti-Slavery

Society was holding a meeting. A little before three o'clock, a couple of dozen members of the society had gathered in the hall. Several hundred other Bostonians had gathered on the street outside, and the number on the street seemed to be increasing, as a thirtyish-looking, small, bald man wearing silver-rimmed glasses made his way past them.

"That's William Lloyd Garrison," one of the young male intruders inside the hall said, looking toward the man with the silver-rimmed glasses.

Garrison walked over to the group. "Gentlemen," he said, "perhaps you are not aware that this is a meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, called for the ladies only and those who are going to talk to them. If any of you are ladies in disguise," he continued, "and if you will make me aware of this, I should be happy to introduce you to the rest of your sex."

The young men appeared annoyed, but they did not budge. Garrison sat down. As the hour came for the meeting to begin, the stairway and the upper hall were filled with strangers who became exceedingly noisy and troublesome. The members of the Society could not enter.

Garrison turned to Mrs. Chapman, the President of the Society, and said, "There are too many intruders here, and the city marshal hasn't shown up with the police protection you asked for. I'd better not talk at the meeting, since it's me they don't like. Unless you want me to stay, let's not give the crowd a pretext to annoy your meeting."

"Please see to your own safety," she said. "We will continue with our regular business, God willing."

Garrison left the hall and would have left the building, but the hallway was jammed with intruders. He went instead into the Anti-Slavery Society office and locked the door. He was going to write an article for his newspaper, The Liberator, and he also did not want any of the printed materials in the office tampered with.

In the middle of the secretary's report to the meeting, the mayor and his marshals entered the hall.

"Ladies," the Mayor interrupted, "I don't want to see any bloodshed and confusion. I suggest that you go home."

"Mayor Lyman," Mrs. Chapman replied, "some of your personal friends are in that crowd, and you haven't even tried to persuade them to go away."

"I recognize no personal friends," said the Mayor. "I am merely an official. Ladies, you must leave. It is dangerous for you to stay!"

"If this is our last chance for freedom, we may as well die here as anywhere," said Mrs. Chapman.

But the Mayor finally persuaded the ladies to leave the hall. "Continue the meeting at your home," he suggested. As the ladies passed through the crowd, they were hissed and booed at. They recognized the faces of those

whom they had thought were their friends, men and women of fine standing in the city. With two white members escorting each Negro member of the Society, the group safely reached Mrs. Chapman's house, where the meeting was continued.

In the meantime, the numbers in the crowd in front of the meeting hall had increased to the thousands. They turned their wrath on the person they disliked most.

"We must have Garrison! Out with him! Lynch him!"

For a moment their attention was attracted to an anti-slavery sign and they demanded to have it torn down. Mayor Lyman was so disturbed that he allowed the sign to be torn down, thinking that this small violence would bring about respect for the law. The sign was broken into a thousand fragments.

The cry for "Garrison," "Garrison" still went up. The mayor and his assistants pleaded with Garrison to escape. He dropped from a back window onto the roof of a shed and narrowly escaped falling headlong to the ground. From there he entered a carpenter's shop, but found his retreat from the back door cut off by the aroused crowd.

The carpenters hid Garrison in a room and piled boards around him, while one of the sheriffs told the crowd that Garrison had escaped from the carpenter's shop.

The ruse failed, however. Several members of the crowd broke into

the shop and, finding Garrison's hiding place, dragged him to a window with the intention of throwing him out.

As they hesitated, one man shouted, "Don't let us kill him outright!" So they drew him back and coiled a rope around his waist. He was brought down from the window by a ladder, then dragged through the street by the rope around his waist. He remained fearless.

Suddenly, Garrison was seized by his arms, by two men who formed a buffer against the crowd, as he was dragged along the street. Garrison was thus safely conducted through State Street to the City Hall. The two men repeated, "Don't hurt him. He's an American," as they took the blows intended for Garrison.

Members of the crowd, however, tore at Garrison's clothing before he was taken to the safety of the Mayor's office. The crowds shouted at the Mayor to give Garrison up to them. He realized that the City Hall property was in danger. He decided to remove Garrison in a carriage to the protection of the Leverett Street jail--supposedly for disturbing the peace. The crowds rushed at the carriage, attempting to get Garrison out. They tried to seize the horses, cut the reins, and upset the carriage. The carriage careened through the streets, taking many false turns. But some of the crowd outguessed the Mayor's strategy and were waiting at the Leverett Street jail. In the final moment of crisis, the Mayor organized some police into a line from the jail door to the

carriage and fought back the crowd. Garrison leaped to the ground and quickly entered the jail. He was locked safely in a cell.

On this warm October afternoon in 1835, Garrison thus was jailed in order to be saved from the violence of a "respectable and influential mob," who wanted to do him injury because he preached the equality of all men. Garrison was an abolitionist. He believed that all the slaves in the South should be freed. He based this belief on the idea that it was wrong for one man to own another. The Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society believed the same. There were a number of anti-slavery societies which believed that slavery was morally wrong.

There were many times when Garrison and men and women like him found themselves at the mercy of a crowd disagreeing with their viewpoint. It is unlikely that on this particular day the crowd intended "to lynch" or do extreme violence to Garrison, although he was said to have been marked for assassination. It is probable that they intended to strip him of his clothes, tar and feather him, and then permanently dye his face and hands black. This physical punishment, in addition to the destruction of anti-slavery printing presses, was the common way of mobs to display their hostility against these anti-slavery societies.

Indeed, there were pro-slavery societies which advertised $100 rewards, raised by "patriotic" citizens, to the first persons locating anti-slavery speakers.

It was such a handbill, advertising a $100 reward for an English speaker, which had aroused the ladies to ask for protection during their meeting. But the crowds had not found the person they were looking for.

There was something about the slavery question which seemed to wipe away the memory of free speech and the Bill of Rights. To prevent discussion of slavery became a patriotic duty to many. It became a "patriotic duty" also to hunt down anti-slavery speakers, so that they had to be jailed for their own protection.

Mayor Lyman was no exception in allowing the popular will to rule. Officials rarely tried to restrain the crowds when they took violent actions against the anti-slavery people. Mayor Lyman made no attempt to arrest the leaders in the crowd who were known to him.

Garrison was given a hearing at the jail rather than at the courthouse the following afternoon. He was proved guilty of "disturbing and breaking the peace, and making a riot among the good people of Massachusetts." Then he was released, and the Mayor asked him to leave Boston for a while to calm the public mind. While the crowds continued to ransack the trains and coaches leaving Boston looking for him, the sheriff escorted Garrison out of town.

Part III

A WORLD RESPONSE TO IDEALISM

War

I sit by Kemmerich's bed. He is sinking steadily. Around us is a great commotion. A hospital train has arrived and the wounded fit to be moved are being selected. The doctor passes by Kemmerich's bed without once looking at him.

"Next time, Franz," I say.

He raises himself on the pillow with his elbows. "They have amputated my leg."

I nod and answer: "You must be thankful you've come off with that. It might have been both legs. Besides you will be going home." He looks at me.

"Do you think so?"

"Of course."

He beckons me to bend down. I stoop over him and he whispers: "I don't think so."

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excerpted from Erich Maria Remarque's, All Quiet on the Western Front. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1929.

"Of course."

He beckons me to bend down. I stoop over him and he whispers: "I don't think so."

"Don't talk rubbish, Franz."

He lifts one hand. "Look here though, these fingers." He turns away. After a pause he says slowly: "I wanted to become a head forester once."

"So you may still," I assure him. "There are splendid artificial limbs now."

For a while he lies still. Then he says: "You can take my lace-up boots with you."

I nod and wonder what to say to encourage him. His lips have fallen away, his mouth has become larger, his teeth stick out and look as though they were made of chalk. The skeleton is working itself through. The whole world ought to pass this bed and say: "That is Franz Kemmerich, nineteen and a half years old; he doesn't want to die. Let him not die!"

My thoughts become confused. This atmosphere of carbolic and gangrene clogs the lungs.

It grows dark. Kemmerich's face changes color. The mouth moves slowly. I draw to him. He whispers: "If you find my watch, send it home--"

Hospital orderlies go to and fro with bottles and pails. One of them comes up, casts a glance at Kemmerich, and goes away again. You can see he is waiting, apparently he wants the bed.

I bend over Franz and talk to him: "Perhaps you will go to the convalescent home at Klosterberg. You can build an aquarium again and keep fish in it, and you can go out without asking anyone; you can even play the piano if you want to."

I lean down over his face. He still breathes, lightly. His face is wet, he is crying. What a fine mess I have made of it with my foolish talk!

Suddenly Kemmerich groans and begins to gurgle.

I jump up and demand: "Where is the doctor?"

As I catch sight of the white apron I seize hold of it: "Come quick, Franz Kemmerich is dying."

He frees himself and asks an orderly standing by: "Which will that be?"

He says: "Bed 26, amputated thigh."

He sniffs: "How should I know anything about it, I've amputated five legs to-day;" he shoves me away, says to the orderly "You see to it," and runs off to the operating room.

I tremble with rage as I go along with the orderly. The man looks at me and says: "One operation after another since five o'clock this morning. You know today alone there have been sixteen deaths. There will probably be twenty altogether--"

I become faint, all at once I cannot do any more. I could drop down and never rise up again.

We are by Kemmerich's bed. He is dead. The face is still wet with the tears. The eyes are half open and yellow like old horn buttons.

The orderly pokes me in the ribs. "Are you taking his things with you?" I nod.

He goes on. "We must take him away at once, we want the bed. Outside they are lying on the floor."

I collect his things, untie Kemmerich's identification disc and take it away. Behind me they are already hauling Franz on to a waterproof sheet.

Outside the door I am aware of the darkness and the wind as a deliverance. I breathe as deep as I can, and feel the breeze in my face. The night lives, I live.

I go back to the hut. Muller stands in front of the hut and waits for me. I give him the boots. We go in and he tries them on. They fit well.

And so the days pass. Reinforcements arrive. We are ordered to the front. Red rockets shoot up to the sky. We expect a bombardment.

The earth bursts before us. It rains clods. I wipe the mud out of my eyes. A hole is torn up in front of me. Shells hardly ever land in the same hole twice, I'll get into it. With one bound I fling myself down and lie on the earth as flat as a fish; I claw for cover, feel something on the left, shove in beside it, it gives way, I creep under the yielding thing, cover myself with it, draw it over me, it is wood, cloth, cover against the splinters.

I open my eyes. My fingers grasp a sleeve, an arm. I yell to him. No answer. A dead man. Now I remember again that we are lying in the graveyard.

The shelling is stronger. I merely crawl deeper into the coffin, it should protect me. I get a smack in the face, a hand clamps onto my shoulder. Has the dead man waked up? The hand shakes me, I turn my head, I stare into the face of

Katczinsky, he has his mouth open and is yelling: "Gas--Gas--Pass it on."

I grab for my gas mask. I wipe the goggles of my mask clear of the moist breath. These first minutes with the mask decide between life and death: is it tightly woven? I remember the awful sights in the hospital: the gas patients who in day-long suffocation cough their burnt lungs up in clots.

The gas still creeps over the ground and sinks into all hollows. Like a big, soft jelly fish it floats into our shell hole. It is better to lie on top than to stay where the gas collects most. With a crash something black bears down on us. It lands close beside us; a coffin thrown up.

The coffin has hit one of the men in the hole. He tries to tear off his gas mask with his hand. I seize him just in time and twist his arm back and then begin to free him. The coffin lid is loose and bursts open, I pull it off, I toss the corpse out. It slides down to the botton of the shell hole. The coffin gives way and I free the shattered arm.

Inside the gas mask my head booms and roars. The veins on my temples are bursting. Someone stands a few yards distant. The man no longer wears his mask. I tear my mask off too.

The shelling has ceased for the moment. The graveyard is a mass of wreckage. Coffins and corpses lie about. They have been killed once again; but each of them that was flung up saved one of us.

Our losses were much less than we expected. But we prepare now for a major offensive. At night they send over gas, we expect the attack to follow. We

wait and wait. By midday what I expected happens. One of the recruits has a fit. I have been watching him for a long time, grinding his teeth and opening and shutting his fists. He had collapsed like a rotten tree. "Leave me alone; I want to go out," he raves.

Suddenly, the dugout cracks in all its joints under a direct hit, fortunately only a light one that the concrete blocks are able to withstand. The walls reel; rifles, helmets, earth and mud fly everywhere. Sulphur fumes pour in.

The young recruit starts to rave again. Another one jumps up and rushes out. I start after the one who goes out and wonder whether to shoot him in the leg--then it shrieks again. I fling myself down and when I stand up the wall of the trench is plastered with lumps of flesh, and bits of uniform. I scramble back. The attack has come.

No one would believe that in this howling waste there could still be men; but steel helmets now appear on all sides out of the trench, and fifty yards from us a machine gun is already in position and barking.

The wire entanglements are torn to pieces. Yet they offer some obstacle. Our artillery opens fire. We recognize the distorted faces, the smooth helmets: they are French. They have already suffered heavily when they reach the remnants of the barbed wire entanglements. A whole line has gone down before our machine guns.

I see one of them, his face upturned, fall into a wire cradle. His body collapses, his hands remain suspended as though he were praying. Then his body

drops clean away and only his hands with the stumps of his arms, shot off, now hang in the wire.

The moment we are about to retreat three faces rise up from the ground in front of us. Under one of the helmets a dark pointed beard and two eyes that are fastened on me. I raise my hand but cannot throw into those strange eyes. Then the head rises up and my hand grenade flies through the air and into him.

We make our retreat, pull wire cradles into the trench.

A patrol has to be sent out to discover just how far the enemy position is advanced. I volunteer to go. We divide and I find a shallow shell hole and crawl into it. My forehead is wet, my hands tremble, and I am panting softly. I lie huddled, my legs in the water. I have but this one shattering thought: What will you do if someone jumps into your shell hole? Swiftly I pull out my dagger, grasp it fast and bury it in my hand once again under the mud. If anyone jumps in here I will go for him; stab him clean through the throat so that he cannot call out.

The machine guns rattle. I know our barbed wire entanglements are almost undamaged. Parts of them are charged with powerful electric current. Steps hasten over me. The first. Gone. Again, another. Just as I am about to turn around a little, something heavy stumbles, and with a crash a body falls over me into the shell hole, slips down--

I make no decision. I strike madly home, and feel only how the body suddenly convulses, then becomes limp, and collapses. When I discover myself, my hand is sticky and wet.

The man gurgles. I want to stuff his mouth with earth; he must be quiet, he is betraying me. I have become so feeble that I cannot lift my hand against him. So I crawl away to the far corner. If he stirs, I will spring at him.

Minute after minute trickles away. I notice my bloody hand and feel nauseated. I take some earth and rub the skin with it, now my hand is muddy and the blood cannot be seen.

Morning arrives. The gurgling continues. The figure opposite me moves. His head is fallen to one side. The head tries to raise itself. I drag myself toward him. The body is still, perfectly still, the gurgle has ceased, but the eyes cry out, yell. There is a dreadful terror of death, of me.

I bend forward, shake my head and whisper: "No, no." I raise one hand. I must show him that I want to help him, I stroke his forehead.

The eyes shrink back as the hand comes, then they lose their stare, the eyelids droop lower, the tension is past. I open his collar and place his head more comfortably upright.

The lips are dry. There is water in the mud, down at the bottom of the crater. I climb down, take out my handkerchief, spread it out, push it under and scoop up the yellow water.

He gulps it down. I must bandage him if it is possible. If the fellows over there capture me they will see that I wanted to help him. The shirt is stuck and will not come away, it is buttoned at the back. I look for the knife and find it. But

when I begin to cut the shirt the eyes open once more and cry. I must close them and whisper: "I want to help you, Comrade." I repeat the word to make him understand. My field dressing covers the three stabs. That is all I can do. Now we must wait.

The gurgling starts again. How slowly a man dies! If only I had not lost my revolver crawling about, I would shoot him. Stab him I cannot. This is the first man I have killed with my hands, whom I can see. This dying man has time with him; he has an invisible dagger with which he stabs me: Time and my thoughts.

In the afternoon, he is dead.

I breathe freely again. But the silence is more unbearable. I wish the gurgling were there again. I prop the man up again so that he lies comfortably although he feels nothing any more. I close his eyes.

I talk and must talk. So I speak to him and say to him: "Comrade I did not want to kill you. Forgive me, comrade. Why do they never tell us that you are just poor devils like us, that our mothers are just as anxious as yours, and that we have the same fear of death."

The bullets are aimed from all sides. I cannot get out.

"I will write your wife," I say hastily to the dead man. "I will help her and your parents too."

The pocketbook is easy to find in the tunic.

I take the wallet in my hand. It slips out of my hand and falls open. Some pictures and letters drop out. I gather them up and want to put them back again. These hours with the dead man have confused me. There are pictures of a woman and a little girl. I take the letters out and try to read them. I know that I will never dare to write. If only I am allowed to escape. I open the book. I have killed the printer, Gerard Duval. I must be a printer I think confusedly.

By evening I am calmer. My fear was goundless. The name troubles me no more. The madness passes. "Comrade, " I say to the dead man, " today you, tomorrow me. But if I come out of it, comrade, I will fight against this, that has struck us both down; from you taken life--and from me--? Life also. I promise you, comrade, It shall never happen again. "

He fell in October, 1918, on a day that was very quiet and still along the western front.

A Treaty to Outlaw War

It was a hot August sun which penetrated the Louis XVI ballroom. The klieg lights added to the heat; perspiring camera men elbowed for position. The spectators stood on tiptoe, craning their necks to see over the cameras. They could catch the light reflecting off from the huge golden pen held in the hand of the German representative to the conference. Across the table from him sat the representative of Czechoslovakia. Each representative in turn, with face beaming, scratched his name on the parchment: Iceland, Afghanistan, Morocco, Poland, Belgium, Italy.

The parchment went on around the table: Japan, Great Britain and her Dominions. The golden pen continued around. M. Briand of France signed. Then Mr. Kellogg of the United States signed. The golden pen had been a gift to Mr. Kellogg on his way to Paris.

When the klieg lights went out, a French representative quickly rose and addressed those assembled: "The first treaty between the United States and France /signed by Benjamin Franklin/ gave the start to a new nation; the second treaty gives the start to a new idea.

"Outlawing war is a specifically American ideal, not because it was born in America, but because it shows two marks of your country--it is great and it is practical."

The ceremony over, the representatives went out into the Paris sunshine. American women and reporters saw the ceremony as the result of years of effort on the part of American peace societies toward peace and stopping the manufacture of weapons.

To be sure, the term outlaw was a peculiarly American word. Mr. Kellogg had been surprised by M. Briand's first proposal to "outlaw" war in a treaty of friendship between the United States and France. After six months of consideration, he suggested, "Outlawing war is too great a privilege for just two countries and should be offered to the whole world."

Frank B. Kellogg, the Secretary of State, was certainly not a member of a peace movement in 1927 when the talk began to lead up to this treaty. He was faced

with immediate problems. Once the decision had been made to produce such a treaty, however, Mr. Kellogg worked hard for its success.

Mr. Kellogg tried to avoid the common pitfalls while pushing the treaty idea. First of all, he used publicity in order to get public opinion with him. Each note which he received from other countries he released to the press immediately. The effect on world opinion was one which no leader could ignore. Next Mr. Kellogg believed it was necessary to restrict the treaty to a small group of countries, because a large number of countries would bicker and delay the process. He felt that interested countries could agree to sign later. Finally, the Secretary insisted that the treaty should contain a few simple words. When people argued that such a treaty needed teeth, Mr. Kellogg argued, "It would be hard enough to get the Senate to ratify the treaty; never mind loading it up with complicated machinery to stop war."

Many persons concerned over war helped Secretary Kellogg.

One lawyer commented as public interest was aroused: "War is the recognized method of settling international arguments. It's legal. No leader of any country can be blamed, as a criminal, for declaring war on another country. The German Kaiser can't be blamed for World War I."

"Then you conclude that there can be no punishment for those responsible for war," commented an interested Senator

"Yes, and any steps leading toward war, such as building submarines and bomb installations, are legal," said the lawyer.

"Behind the nations outlawing war must be a police force, a sort of international sheriff to bring the culprit into court."

"Absolutely not! With any provision to use force, no country will accept those terms. Public opinion is much stronger than military force in settling international problems. The outlawing of war must have behind it only the pledge of the individual countries which accept it, their <u>good will.</u>"

The countries signing the treaty to outlaw war accepted it as a pledge of good will. The ultimate objective was to avoid war. If war was to come, it must come in the form of an attack of one country on another.

Mr. Kellogg returned to the United States hopeful that the treaty would be quickly accepted by the Senate. As he stated to the reporters, "The nation's peoples have not forgotten nor will they forget the awful horror, misery, and beastliness of the last war."